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TROIA REDEVIVA,

OR, THE

GLORIES

OF

LONDON

SURVEYED

IN AN

Heroick Poem.

——— ubi quid datur Oti
Illudo Chartis, hoc eſt medeocribus illis
Ex vitiis unum. ———

LONDON,
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TROIA REDEVIVA,

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GLORIES

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Surveyed in an HEROICK POEM.

WHen my *Parnassus* vanisht quite away,
And buried in her pretious Ruines lay,
Let Poetry, said *I*, and Verse expire,
'Tis *Nero* like to sing, whilst *Rome*'s on Fire.
Our better *Rome*, that hath inspir'd more quils,
And made more Poets than the Grecian Hills,
I thought there were not left enough of dayes
Or Art, again such Monuments to raise,
Than what could *I* expect to write upon
When all my glory and my Theam was gone.

But see what willing hearts and hands can do,
Out of the *Phœnix* ashes springs anew,
Nay what is more miraculous I'le tell,
It rose almost as quickly as it fell,
And look'd so bright and lovely that you'd swear

Though all the heat and ſcorchings vaniſht were,
Yet all the brightneſs of the flames was there.
This minds me of the great and latter day,
When in bright flames we ſhall refine our clay,
When all the Univerſe ſhall thus expire,
And in more glorious Robes her ſelf attire,
How well too doth the ſimile agree,
The wondrous change was almoſt inſtantly,
When all the Town ran to the fields for fear,
You'd think that they on purpoſe did go there
Brick's for another building to prepare;
Twas not for gain their goods they ſav'd you'd ſay,
But that the Rubbiſh might be drawn away;
You'd think that they had left their former trade,
And now all Maſons were, and Bricklayers made,
Or like the Theban Poet, they cou'd bring
The ſtones to follow the harmonious ſtring,
Good lines, and brick, and verſe do well agree,
Johnſon did fameus grow for all the three:
From *Babel* all the tongues and learning came,
And from this building my Poetique flame;
But ſtay my Muſe, the whole too much delight
Doth bring, and thou wilt ſurfet with the ſight,
Like *Icarus* thou ſtriv'ſt to reach the Skyes
But never mind'ſt how high thy wing's will riſe

Look on that large and famous Arch, and ſee *Temple Bar.*
Where ther's not ſubject great enough for thee
This like the title page doth well expreſs
In ſhort the volume of the Univerſe,

Look

Look through its Gates, where at first view you'l ſee
So much of ſplendor and of majeſty,
That you wou'd think and have good reaſon for't,
Not through the barren *Strand*'s the way to Court;
In ſuch a ſpacious Entrance we n'ere find
Our triumphs to be ſtinted or confin'd,
Here well our pageantry may paſs, nay here
An Army may in its full ranck's appeare;
The City could have nothing braver meant
For her neceſſity or Ornament:
Look on the Imagery, and two Kings view
Made livelier then a Painter e're cou'd do;
I then to mind did *Ovid's* Fables call,
And thought his fancied ſtones begot us all:
Look with what Art and Majeſty they ſtand,
Like the two Guardian Angels of the Land,
Surely ſaid I a monument ſo fair
Show's well the workmans loyalty and care

But cou'd the flames, cou'd the Rebellious fire
Againſt the ſacred Temple e're conſpire,
When that can all the Nation keep in awe,
How comes it that the fire reſiſts its law?
What cou'd no writ of error or Demur,
No Habeas corpus make the flames to ſtire?
When goales and priſons all had felt their force,
The Law muſt needs forego her ancient courſe;
The Templers thought this was the dreadfull day,
And all were trying what they had to ſay,
They did in ſerious conſultation ſit

Whether

Whether 'twere best to *traverse* or submit,
Their Oratory to no purpose came,
Their breath did onely b'ow, not quench the flame,
The old and famous Knights did ope their eyes,
And from their Monuments and Graves arise,
But when they saw it was a false Alarm,
They did themselves the second time disarm,
The cold Grave's better than to live too warm;
But now to nobler forms the building's turn'd,
You'd say indeed the Bricks were newly burn'd,
You'd think that out of love the flames came here,
That it might far more gloriously appear:
Before the structure was too low and plain,
The noble Company to entertain;
See and admire, brave Spirits, what for you,
The *Fates* and generous elements will do.

Go now my Muse, along the Streets and see
How rich and stately all their buildings be,
Ægypt with all her glories now lies hid,
Each house is nobler than a Pyramid,
The Structures lustre all their Shops out-vies,
Though there the Beauties bring their glittering eyes.
The streets are spacious, nor do Tradesmen care,
That a dark shop should recommend their ware,
Their gallant Spirits scorn their wealth should be
Gotten by fraud or servile flattery,
Let *Rome* this 'mongst her greatest honours bring,
That every Citizen's a petty King,
When all the wealth, that did her triumphs prop,

Was

W'as not ſo gallant as a Goldſmiths Shop,
Cou'd ſhe ſuch mighty contributions yield,
Or bring ſo great an Army to the Field,
Whoſe bands are *England's* Fate, and may with eaſe
Reſign the conqueſt unto whom they pleaſe,
They need no *Sentinels* to guard their wealth,
Each man ſufficient is, to guard himſelf.
Cou'd ſhe ſuch Temples raiſe with Heaven that could
For Prayers and height communication hold?
Obſerve how each Society doth Reign,
What ſpacious Halls and Councils they maintain.
And tell me if the Roman *Forums* be
Above them in their trade or gallantry,
On whatſoe're they lay their hands, as Old
King *Midas* did, they turn it into gold.
Look on their Hoſpitals, mark if before
You ſaw ſuch ſtately lodgings for the poor
Strangers ſometimes lay begging at their door.
Their Entertainments are ſo large and great,
When they their Royal Lord, and Court do treat,
Vitellius pride cou'd not ſuch Feaſts afford,
Though the whole world paid tribute to his board.
When the admiring world ſhall gaze upon,
What we do mean to do, and what we've done,
Juſt as the Guns ſcar'd *Montezuma's* Court
So this ſhall fright 'em with a meer report;
Rome brags ſhe built our Churches firſt, 'tis true,
And ſo ſhe did all our Religion too,
But if the matter was but rightly ſcann'd
They both do now on nobler Pillars ſtand.

But

But whilſt I let my wandring fancy ſtray,
My haſty Muſe had almoſt loſt her way;
'Look back on *Bridewel* the Majeſtique place,
Where the Great *Henries* famous pallace was,
Look and admire how our great Monarchs cou'd
Reſign their Courts to make their ſubjects good,
That they no more the idle drones might ſee
Rifle the treaſure of the careful Bee,
But that to live they honeſtly ſhould ſtrive,
For which their bounty gave a Royal hive:
God gave to man an active ſoul, ſhall he
Sit ſleeping then away his liberty;
When *Jaſons* ſhip had ſeen the worlds vaſt bound,
At length away unto the ſtarrs ſhe found,
There to ſhe ſayles, and nothing doth implore
For all her labours paſt, but to have more,
Juſt as the Heavens or years, ſo active men
After their periods turn about again;
You'd think that people willingly came there,
And did with joy their ſtripes and ſufferings bear.
To be lodg'd all ſo bravely as they are,
Juſt ſo the martyrs do their paines embrace,
As the true Keys unto a nobler place,
And ſurely this, if rightly underſtood
As well is for their ſoull's, as body's good;
Penelope might here enjoy her ſport,
And Uſe her diſtaff in a nobler Court,
And had her husband ſuch a pallace known
He ne're had travel'd but had ſtay'd, at home;
The kind and gentle Ladies of the Town,

Shall

That know the winning ſmile and feigned frown,
Say they were never bred to Spin, or made
To work at any low or ſervil Trade;
They think that ſloth and a diſdainful ſcorn,
Proves that they are ſoft, Court like, and highly born,
But 'tis *Ariadnes* thred, that they muſt ſpin,
To free them from the Labyrinths of ſin.

But hold, methink's 'tis a great deal of pity
We ſee not here the Bullies of the City,
Who on the Liveing, vermin like, do prey,
Sons of Corruption, born as bad as they,
Men of a valiant tongue, without a heart,
The Nations excrementitious part,
Thoſe that can cock their hats, look big, and ſay,
Foh, damn ye, and then proudly ſtalk away,
Though they'r abuſ'd, kick'd, cuft, yet every word
Shall mince the world to *Attomes* with their ſword,
Thoſe that do live and prey without pretence,
On boyiſh and on country innocence;
who though unto no fortune borne they were,
Yet boaſt of Lands and Caſtles in the air,
Prince of that place although the Devil be,
Yet I dare ſwear they'r richer there then he;
If they were here they'd huff, and damn, and tell,
That they liv'd high and lodg'd moſt wondrous well,
For ſhoul'd I ask, well, how do'ſt like this place,
Faith, my gallants, I pity your diſgrace,
One turns about and takes me up in ſhort,
Courts make not Kings, but the Kings make the Court.

Like the Assyrian Monarch bravely we
Spin here amongst the little soules, and be
Beating of hemp, Boy, for such rogues as thee;
We live above the low and vulgar fry,
Henry was proud to sleep, where we do ly.

Thou that do'st fainting honesty restore,
And will not suffer any to be poor,
How great a work, brave City, would'st thou do,
If thoud'st reform those Indian Devils too;
Take them though they with silk and ribbon shine,
For 'tis not bushes that commend the wine,
I've seen base Claret at a glittering sign,
The High-way-men on Travellers do prey,
These are the City Padds, and worse then they.

Lets now survey *Fleet* bridge, and view all o're, *Fleet Bridge*
How the kind water Kisses every door,
And vow's that fire shall tyrannize no more,
How gently in it comes, how smooth 'twill stay,
But murmurs when the Ocean calls away;
Look what great heaps of coals do there appear,
You'd think our Seamen did *Newcastle* steer,
And like a floating *Delos* brought it here;
To see the doors where they put in their ware,
Twou'd make a Coward run away for fear
They were some towring vessels lower tyre,
For both a like doth send forth smoake and fire;
How willingly the waves do Northward flow,
That all their boundless Kindnesses may know,

See

See, *Holeburn* now a lasting trade maintains,
This water has quite wash't away her staines,
There a whole troop of Bailiffs liv'd before
Whose very neighbourhood makes people poor,
They fear their looks, and from their houses fly,
As if some deadly *Basylisk* was nigh,
Here, Here, sweet Fate, let those curst vultures prey,
For to the Gallows 'tis the ready way.

But hold, *Gray's* Inn doth all my rage beguile,
And forces on my Muse, a gentle smile,
Which like *Aneas* golden tree lookes well,
Amongst the melancholly shades of hell,
They Pump and wash the rogues, but 'twill not do
The Blackmore still retaines his dismal hew.

I know that some large soules live here, that be
The members of the great Society;
They like the heavenly lamps do shine more bright,
In the obscurest, and the darkest night,
Where shou'd a Magistrate or Justice be,
But where they might awe fraud and villany,
Of contraries we all do know thus far,
That they their own best illustration are;
So *Lot* amongst the Sodomites did dwell,
And in the greatest plagues was alway's well,
And if that there a few Such now had bin,
They had attonement made for *Sodoms* sin;
Barbers and Toothdrawers must away be hurl'd,

Holborn may hold commerce with all the world.
The whiſtle-makers ſhall pack up their ware,
And brag hereafter that they once were there,
Huckſters with Pears, and Apples, Nuts, and all
Their ſtinking traſh, muſt leave the better ſtall,
Lemmons and Oranges ſhall keep their room,
To entertain the ſtrangers when they come,
Thoſe are that lovely golden fruit, which came
From the Heſperian Garden, we did tame
The Dragon firſt, and took the ſpoyl away,
Bringing in Tryumph home, the glitt'ring prey,
But hold, I back muſt to the water run,
This is my Muſes ſpring and *Helicon.*
The *Thames* has more immortal poets known,
Than *Danube*, Nyle, or *Tyber* ere cou'd own,
Rich *Tagus* ſands and old *Paßolus* ſtreames
Are fancies, and the Idle Poets dreams,
If e're ſuch rich and pretious ſtreames there were,
If e're the ſun ſaw golden ſands 'twas here,
And if you look for beauty you'd ſuppoſe,
'Twas from our chriſtal ſtreames that *Venus* roſe,
Look how the Bridges ſtride the River, ſee
How large and ſpatious all the Arches be,
Methink's they'r like to our terreſtrial ball,
They'r prop't by nothing, nor can ever fall;
Some build them ſtately monuments, that may
Preſerve their duſt, and treaſure up their clay,
Their name and honours they to marbles truſt,
Marbles that once ſhall crumble into duſt:
The ſtones there ſtand as uſeleſs as they did,

When

When in the idle quarry they lay hid,
I like thoſe men that have a large intent,
And care not for a Private monument,
But raiſe ſuch ſtately Fabricks that may ſtand,
The Everlaſting glory of the Land,
This will oblige Poſterity to ſave
Their Name, and noble vertues from the grave,

Paſs now the Bridge and view that plain which will
No more allow the name of Ludgate hill,
How did we ſtrive before, the hill to gain,
Though the rich ſight did recompence the pain;
He that wou'd bliſs and happineſs deſcry
With induſtry and toyl muſt upward fly,
But whatſoever the City undertakes
An univerſal happineſs ſhe makes;
Let *Xerxes* brag, that his almighty hand
Could level *Athos*, and the ſeas command,
And, like the great *Coloſſus* once again,
Cou'd leap o're Rivers and beſtride the Main,
That he could eaſily its ſtreames divide,
And into narrow channels force the tide,
I ſhould be thought impertinent to tell
That ſtory which he thought a miracle.

Thus long the body, hath my thoughts confin'd,
I now ſhall ſearch the nobler part, the mind,
my former verſe the huſk and ſhell deſcries,
Here all the treaſure, here the Jewel lies,
All that I ſaw before, methinks doth look

Juſt

Juſt like a preface to ſome learned book,
Which does ſome ſmall particulars recite,
To raiſe deſire and whet our appetite:
Now ſhou'd I look for raptures, and grow witty,
But 'tis enough to ſay 'tis *LONDONS* City,
That powerful word that makes the nations run
Hither like Perſians to adore the Sun,
The long miſtaken Jew's did all draw near,
And thought the great *Jeruſalem* was here,
And when they ſaw the richneſs of the place,
They all cri'd out, that this their *Canaan* was,
Here ſurely, without Map or travel we,
Judea and the Holy land may ſee:
Here doth the old religion flouriſh, here
The grapes, the milk, and honey to appear,
Here are not only rich, but good and wiſe,
Within their ſoules their nobleſt treaſure lyes,
Not like the Indians, who poſeſs the oare,
When the rich Arts are baniſh'd from their ſhore:
Their brave and wandring fleets, and boundleſs trade
Has more Geographers and learned made,
Than many Univerſities have done;
Thoſe ſee abroad, what they but think upon;
Drake by his travells did more honour gain,
Then they by all their induſtry and pain,
Witneſs his ſacred Reliques which I fear
Hath made poor *Oxford* Papiſt in her prayer,
Only in this ſhe differs, far more great
She thinks her own, then the rich Papal-Seat:
Behold how all their glories do begin,

And

And think what nobler things there are within,
Observe how the aspireing towers rise,
And hold a correspondence with the skyes.
Ludgate a Prison, no that cannot be,
Here they live bravely uncontroul'd, and free,
Not that I'de say, as *Stoicks* use to do,
That ther's no prisons really, not woe,
But 'tis opinion that doth make it so;
I am not fond of poverty or paines,
Or dote upon the Musick of my chaines,
If that their fancy or their soul can Roam,
They say theyr'e not confin'd, or kept at home,
Here all the Prisoners have the common air,
And all their senses here delighted are,
Here they have all the prospect, all delight,
That often courts and ravishes the sight;
If men will raise their contemplation high,
Here's Subject great enough until they dye,
To touch and tast, platonicks think it poor,
They love not to enjoy, but to adore,
As the wise Bee's their several sweet's do take,
And Chymist like their fam'd Elixer make,
So they pick all the Beauties they can find,
And frame one great Idea in their mind,
Which is a subject great enough and fit
For all their contemplations and their wit:
Surely if Prisoners would but learn this way,
None would be less confin'd or vext then they.

My earnest Muse now wou'd her self delight,

And

And with those be autious objects feast her sight,
But as she passes through her curious Eye
Nothing but heap's of ruin doth descry,
Where the Great *Pauls* once stood, *Pauls* that was said
In spight of *Rome*, the universal head,
The rest like parish Churches were esteem'd,
Pauls the Cathedral of the world seem'd
And though she was by fire and fate suppress't,
Yet still lifts up her high and lofty head above the rest,
When fate the worst had done that it cou'd do,
The work men they are forc't to help her too;
The Ephesian Temple was of small renown,
When a poor private hand cou'd throw it down;
We're e're such sacrifices Known before
Whose loss can make the world see'l she's poor,
Have you seen Churches on their Altars burn,
And the poor graves themselves to want an urn,
You whose obscure and narrow Acts can die
Must here for ever in oblivion lye,
Marbles wee see han't immortality;
Those are the men, whose vertues death outbrave
And Kept their name and Image from the grave,
That the proud steple fell, I don't admire,
I feared the sun wou'd set his head on fire,
And if't be true what *Aristotle* meant,
His Top was still within his Element,
And surely truth her self may own thus far,
She lifted many 'bove the highest star,
The Gyants Mountaines upon mountaines lay'd,
And thought their bold attempts could ne're be stay'd

He

He that to heaven wou'd mount, muſt not like they
Hill upon Hill, but Church on Church muſt lay,
Put *Paul's* on *Faith's* and that's the nobler way;
Where are the *Neſtor's* 'gainſt whoſe Eloquence,
Nor ſin nor Devil cou'd have found pretence;
Thoſe heavenly Orp'heuſe's whoſe tongues could draw
Deucalions ſtubborn ſtones, and give them law,
They like the learned charming *Paul* could thus
Subdue the Savage beaſts of *Epheſus*
Like *Orpheus*, ſo underſtood all how
To draw whole trees of Lawrel to their brow,
But they did ſcorn applauſe, and much did fear,
Leaſt they *Tarpeia's* cruel fates ſhould ſhare,
And Sink beneath the burthen they ſhould beare;
Obſerve what place ſhe fills, ſtrangers wou'd ſay,
That there both Church and Pariſh ruin'd lay,
London, I'me ſure, is truly pious found,
She conſecrates the tenth part of her ground,
Methinks *I* cannot chuſe, but call to mind,
How wiſely this brave ſtructure was deſign'd,
The firſt and nobleſt work that e're was done
Religion had, this firſt was thought upon,
And with what happy Omens do wee riſe,
When God doth head us in our enter prize,
What though the Glories of our *Paul's* are fled,
And have with ſorrow hid their mournful head,
Thy hands brave City makes our joyes return,
Thy pious Zeal ſhall make her Altars burn;
The fire that firſt did make this diſmal wrack,
Repents, and now ſadly mourn's in black,

She brings her wealth that it might riſe with more
Glory and luſtre then it had before,
'Twas fire did firſt deſtroy this beautious frame,
And ſhall Reſtore her buildings and her name,
Newcaſtle ſhe ſends away all her coales,
That She might have a hand in building *Pauls*;
Unhappy war, now let thy fury ceaſe,
And reſtore home the little arts of peace;
Thou like the wormes on the dead doth prey,
And by corruption liv'ſt as well as they,
Thou ſure the only way has underſtood,
To make the old prodigious wonder good,
Thou turn'ſt not Rivers, but the ſea's to blood,
I thought thy greedy rage wou'd now expire,
We've given thee more then thou coud'ſt e're deſire,
Now let our *Pauls*, and ſtately buildings riſe,
And be a terror to our Enemies;
Surely ambitious States will now deſpair,
When they ſhall hear how brave and rich we are,
For they will ſay, what if we chance to meet,
And with a ſmaller loſs deſtroy their fleet,
Before that we a victors name can brag,
Another fleet ſhall make us ſtrike our flag;
The damage that we bring to them's no more,
Then pruning to a tree, which makes it ſoare,
And Raiſe its head more lofty than before;
The next deſigne that *London* thought upon,
After this great religious work was done,
Was how ſhe Schooles might build and learning raiſe,
Learning that props the Church, and Chiſme ſtayes,

No

No blinded Zeal, or feigned prophetique ſights,
No Revelations, or miſterious lights,
Wou'd with their ſlender ſophiſtry delude
The factious and the giddy multitude;
If that we could theſe ſilly ſouls perſwade,
That reaſon, or that Learning never made
Religion more contemptible, ſure we
May hold this, and yet no Socinians be,
Some tow'ring wits, if ever in thy praiſe,
Moſt glorious City, they their fancy raiſe,
Streight way they mount and take ſo high a flight,
That nought but lofty Fabricks court their ſight,
They think their brains and head wou'd dizzy grow,
Should they look down on any thing below;
But yet if inward bravery is more,
Then all thoſe outward glories we adore,
This little School ſhall lift her head as high
As any Poets fancy e're could fly.
The wiſe and grave Philoſophers of old,
Knew no rich purple beds, or rooſes of Gold,
For to live well they thought it more renown,
Then were the glitring *Ariadne's* crown;
All thoſe great myſteries, of which *Rome* tells,
Came from the *Cybells* melancholy Cells,
And the poor *Cynicks* Tub ſhall live with fame
Longer then the *Acropolis* his name,
I do not brag ſomuch of what is ſeen,
We are rich without, but richer far within,
Our ſtately City has without controul,
The nobleſt body and the nobleſt ſoul,

Surely a grateful Soul can never miſs
So famous and ſo ſweet a place as this,
By which our new *Atlantis* peopled is;
Firſt in this Stock the happy ſeeds are ſown,
Until to freſh and lively plants they'r grown,
Then being tranſplanted ſtrait they higher grow,
And like to tall and mighty Cedars ſhew,
Which rule the Vegetable world below:
How doth the ſacred Siſters ſtrive to gain?
How do the Colledges to entertain
Thoſe hopeful Souls, that ſhall their names tranſmit
To after Ages in eternal writ?
Juſt as the Infidels thought thoſe inſpir'd,
That to the famous *Mecca* had retir'd;
So to on thoſe, dear School, that come from thee,
Learning's entayl'd as ſure as Land can be,
Who ſayes the noiſe and tumult of the Town
Drives off the Learned and the peaceful Gown,
Did Learning live before at ſuch a rate,
Or keep her Court in ſuch great pomp and ſtate,
She has got a Princely Title now of late;
Look on that Royal train, that hath done more,
Than the poor world has done ſo long before,
At hidden qualities the Ancients ſticks,
Thoſe Nature rob of all her cunning'ſt tricks,
Nothing ſhall now as hard and unknown come,
They follow her into her inmoſt Room,
In a great Circle firſt they ran about,
And with much pains found ſome ſmall trifles out.
But theſe have found ſo ſtrait and ſure away,

That

That though we go but ſlow and ſometimes ſtay,
We'l find our journeys end as ſoon as they,
Nay I dare ſay that I have found from hence,
To know the difference betwixt words and ſence,
And not from verbal Metaphyſicks raiſe
T' inform my mind, but from what Reaſon ſayes,
See what great Folio's *Keckerman* affords,
And troubles our brains with ſtrange new minted words,
Let ſence and reaſon go where e're they will,
He'l ſwear for plotting *Ariſtotle* ſtill,
He gives us Nuts to crack, in which we gain
No happy Kernal to reward our pain;
The Brawney Dutch men here we ſoon conſute,
We make their ſchools, but not their Cannons mute;
If on the Seas ſuch wars the Engliſh found,
The *Stagerite* would once again be drown'd;
Here is no private happineſs deſign'd,
Their Learning tends to enrich all mankind,
Let then no more thoſe idle Stateſ-men prate,
That Learning ruins both the Church and State,
Thoſe Royal Souls a braver way do ſhew,
That is the richeſt ſtate, that moſt doth know, (flow:
And that the ſoundeſt Church, where learning moſt doth
How like to *Phaeton* I pleaſe my ſight,
With a too dazling, and too glorious light,
Away my Muſe, this is above thy quil,
Here thou mayeſt ſhew thy zeal, but not thy skill.
Go to *Cheapſide*, and ſee who dares deny,
The City doth not love Conformity,
Here all ambitious thoughts are laid a ſide,

They build their houſes with an Equall pride,
They'l all, or none, Surpaſs the world beſide;
In ſome great Cities, we ſome buildings ſee,
Look with the greateſt pride and Majeſty,
But here, ten thouſand pallaces are ſhown,
Here, nought but univerſal glories Known;
See how all countryes here their preſents ſend,
That *London* ſtill may thrive and be their friend,
See how that *India* ſends away her gold,
See howſhe beggs and Courts, that ſhe may hold
A correſpondence with her, as if trade
Thriv'd with her ſmiles and with her frownes did fade,
Obſerve what ſtately pieces dayly come
From the ingenious Babyloniſh Loome,
In all their Arras they this City frame,
And with their own, love to preſerve her name;
Sometimes they make her in bright flames to burn,
You'd think the hangings wou'd to aſhes turn,
Trembling far off the weeping women get,
I thought the *Arras* with their tears was wet,
Here they make ſome ſtand grapling with the fire,
Here ſome in haſt for water do retire,
To ſee with what great ſpeed they ſeem to run,
Turn but your back, you'd think the men are gone,
Here comes the uſurer with ſome pretious pack,
Groaning beneath the burthen of his back,
He who a crutch did long before uphold.
Now carries that and a great weight of gold;
Money like weights ty'd to a Jack had done
They ſtop not but they make him faſter run,

Cha-

Chariots and Coaches here their burthens take,
Whil'ſt the rich Gallant doth his pomp forſake,
Now are honours forc't to foot the ſtreet,
Juſtled and thrown by Porters that they meet,
This and much more their Kindneſſes impart,
Varyed with all their colours and their *Art*,
But ſhou'd I all thoſe curious figures name,
I ſhould forget the place from whence I came.

Some now will ſay, why doth his fancy Roam,
And paſs by *Mortlack's* far more ſtately loom,
We rich and glorious by our ſelves are made,
'Tis Charity makes *England* uſe her trade,
'Tis true; all that my careful Muſe hath done
Is but to ſhow, what fame abroad we'v won,
How all the world doth to this City flock,
How ſhe fills all, yet n'ere exhauſts her ſtock,
Now willingly my curious Muſe wou'd ſtop,
And tell the glories of each private ſhop,
But leaſt my ſwelling book to bigg ſhould grow,
Paſs now a long the ſtreets and look at Bow;
Great Bow, that through the world as well known was,
As Parian Marble, or Corinthan braſs,
No verſe was crav'd or any Trump of fame,
In its own Thunder, ill proclamed its name,
Some Countries for their chamber muſick are
The viol, Lute, Trumpet Marine, Guittar,
With this they court ſome melting Ladies ſence,
And have nought elſe indeed, but impudence,
England did think ſhe cou'd do nothing well,

Until

Until Church Musick and the sacred Bell
Were well restor'd, nothing she thought compleat,
Till they had repossest their ancient Seat,
That Parish did religiously grow proud,
When theirs above the rest did sound aloud
Their Zeal, and would not give the least pretence
To sleeping idleness or impudence,
If that a *Drum* a Coward can excite,
He that before dar'd not to say he'd fight,
Pray, why then may not Bells too go as far
In Christian Battles, and our Holy War,
See to what bounds it doth extend its power,
It seems more like a mountain than a Tower,
Should Country Bells here all their clamours bring,
Without these walls we should not hear them ring;
My Verse doth only guess what it will be,
They that come after nobler things may see,
I've left too much for any pen to say,
The gleaning's more than I have drawn away,
He that shall hear those bells to ring aloud,
And see its Top still darken'd in a cloud,
He that shall see *Pauls* now thats mean and poor,
Rise far more glorious than she was before,
Must say my modesty did well submit,
And left a subject for a higher wit,
I would have staid, but it had been too bright
An Apparition for so weak a sight.

The next great thing, that to my view appears
Is the Law writ in golden Characters,

Guild-

Guild-Hall, where the rich company reſort,
Where ſtill magnificence doth keep her court,
Juſtices pallace, all thats great and good,
Weſtminſters model, much more underſtood
If that *Aſtrea* unto heaven be gone,
This is the laſt ground that ſhe ſtood upon
From hence ſhe took her mournful flight, for here
Her Image and her footſteps ſtill appear,
No ſure ſhe's here, the Beauties off this place
Have call'd her down again from whence ſhe was,
When with ſuch coſt we ſhew our Zeal and Love
Unto her name, how can ſhe ſtay above,
How doth my Muſe admire and gaze about,
At all thoſe Beauties which ſhe ſees without?
How doth its gold reflect the ſuns bright flame?
And ſends it back far brighter then it came,
Look on its Imagery, look on it's hight,
See how it dazles the Spectators ſight,
When a far off ſuch luſtre I had ſeen,
I thought it one intire light had been,
I fancy'd 'twas Authentick, what of old
The fabulous and the pleaſant Poets told,
Some Magick touch had turn'd the houſe to gold,
Here all the Countrey multitude draw nigh,
And ſtand aſtoniſht at its gallantry,
When they go in with reverence and fear,
One ſay's good me, our County Judge is here,
And when they ſee the paint ſo lively ſhow,
They lore their hats and make an humble bow,
But when their ey'es the King and Prince ſurvey,

They bluſh, look down, and ſoftly ſteal away,
And in their country brag, that they were where
His Majeſty, the Duke, and Judges were;
When I my ſelf the Royal piece did ſee,
I ſcarce forbore to bend my humble Knee,
Here Majeſty and vertue both appear,
Wiſdome, and Power, and all thats good ſtands here;
I thought that Art had found ſome unknown way,
And in its colours cou'd the foul diſplay;
The Pencil, then our verſe, doth draw more true,
We cannot write, as well as that can do,
We every image here more lively find
Imprinted then they'r in the cleareſt mind,
Is not that Image which ſtands next, the Dukes,
For it like Mars and fates commander lookes,
Yes ſure it is; the Pencil here proves true,
This is the utmoſt that it e're ſhall do;
If that the Dutch men chance to wander here,
How do they quake and tremble all with fear?
For though much ſweetneſs in his lookes they ſee
With *Cæſars* courage, *Cæſars* clemency,
Yet they can ne're forget that dreadful day,
where millions ruin'd with great *Opdam* lay;
Look how his highneſs ſtands in Robes of peace,
How did the Painter wiſh that war ſhould ceaſe,
That he might not that pretious life expoſe
That is worth millions of his humble foes.

But can I paſs by that great prop of ſtate,
The guardian Angel that did Rule our fate,

Great

Great and wiſe *Bridgeman* who did all things well,
He that did more then a poor Muſe can tell,
When that his merits and his Maſters love
Had rais'd him up on high, he from above,
Did look with ſuch a ſteady head and eye,
That all things, like courſe pictures he'd deſcry,
Better far of, then when they ſtood to nigh,
What hiſtory hath ſuch men underſtood,
Who layes down honour when he's great and good;
Who did ſo well obey his Princes will,
Yet ne're did any thing the world calls ill:
With what great credit did this man retire,
How did this Nation and the world admire,
His vertue and his wiſdome, to what age
Did he with great applauſe ſtill keep the ſtage
And at the Play's concluſion found far more.
And truer plaudits, then he had before.
I know each Picture here doth well propoſe
A ſubject great enough for verſe or proſe,
He that grave learned periods wou'd create,
May out do *Fuller* in a *holy ſtate*,
He that to Raptures and to verſe would fly,
Let his looſe fancy run up e're ſo high,
Here he may write, yet not like poets lie,
He that ſhall meanly but their *Acts* rehearſe
Shall never write a low or humble verſe,
All the great Plots that do in verſe appear,
Are ſome ſmall merits, or a Ladies haire,
Wiſdome and wit ſtands here to every view,
You can't write dully if you write wha'ts new,

Indeed I'm forc't to leave this glorious sight,
Least too much fulness should retard my flight;
If I should pamper up my Muse too high
She wou'd from gross and humble viands fly.

But hold what miracle doth now appear;
Who saw the law and Gospel e're so ne're;
The Prophet's great command is here made good,
Here the most sacred lines are understood,
Here we see Justice down, like water glide,
And righteousness run with a mighty tide,
Methinkes they like the sacred volumne look,
Two Testements make up the heavenly book;
The old though it takes up the larger ground,
Yet all the riches in the new are found;
In this we've pardon promised and grace,
Judgements and threatnings in the other place,
There God the Almighty Lord of host doth prove,
But here the God of comfort peace and love,

The Mayors Chappel.

When the Royal Imagery I find
Plac't o're the door methinks 'twas well design'd,
For all pretentions unto Zeal are vain,
If that we do not Loyalty maintain;
When that a stubborn soul sees his King there,
He enters in and joynes with us in prayer;
This is the only light by which we see,
The way to union and conformity,
Thy love, brave City, and thy Artful hand
Hath made him truly faith defender stand,

When

When thou ſuch Chappels giv'ſt, how can'ſt be poor
Heaven much greater doth thy gifts reſtore,
A pious uſury thy Tenants prove
They'l flouriſh here, and richer be above.
But now I do intend to ſtint my praiſe,
See what a noble private hand can raiſe,
See *Vines* monument, how in each thing
Doth he indeavour to preſerve his King;
If that this ſtatue was of no Renown
Can we forget 'twas he that made the Crown,
Where a more Publick Spirit ſhall we ſee,
Where more magnificence or Loyalty,
Look what is that that crowns the Royal brow,
Surely 'tis his hair, and there doth grow,
Can that a ſtone or ſtubborn marble be
Where we ſuch aiers and curious features ſee;
I think like Orpheus, ſome have touch't their lier,
And made the ſtones to do what they require,
Look on the horſe whereon the King doth ſit,
You'd think *He* foam'd and champ't upon the bit,
Indeed I thought that he did fret and fume,
Becauſe they gave his pride too little room,
See how he ſtands, ſee how his feet he rears,
As if he proud was of the load he beares,
When *Pallas*, the great Patroneſs of Art,
Wou'd to the Græcian counſellers impart
Away to ruin *Priams* houſe, and *Troy*,
And take revenge of the ambitious boy,
She makes a high and towring horſe of wood,
This was the hight of all ſhe underſtood,

And

And yet ſo well ſhe could not make this out,
But that it made the Trojan Sages doubt,
What then are our Mechanicks? if this be
The utmoſt pitch of their Divinity,
If that their eyes this noble Statue had
Survey'd, who would they think had made
The marble bend to any form, their Eyes
Ne're ſaw ſo great a work come from the skies,
All that their Gods, and they did underſtand
Was leſs miſterious than our Artiſts hand,
What is that Image? What's that ſuppliant Stone?
That ſeems beneath its weight to ſigh and groan,
That prodigy of old I'le now believe,
That Statues can a vocal Muſick give,
Surely no Trope or Figure would appear,
If I ſhould ſay the marble ſheds a tear,
I thought that he as the old Poets meant,
When they ſad *Niobe* did repreſent,
Had wept himſelf into this monument,
But can he beg ſo long, Doth this agree
With *Charles* his mercy, and his Clemency?
No ſure he would have hearkened to his moan,
But that he was converted into ſtone:
With what ſweet muſick doth the water play,
Whilſt that their Royal Lord will pleaſe to ſtay,
The Main not onely feels his influence,
But all the Rivers that do come from thence,
Neptune his tributary Prince, doth bring
His preſents and pays homage to his King,
Look on the Fiſhes did you ever know

An

An Artful hand ſuch prodigies to ſhow,
Nature's Inverted and the ſtones do flow,
I wou'd have put my hand in and have took,
A pretious banquet from the Chriſtal brook,
But that I thought them priviledged fiſh;
And ne're condemn'd but to ſome Royal diſh;
In vain indeed from hence I hop'd content,
That ſtill diſdain'd the watery Element,
'Tis wine that lifts my ſoul unto the skies,
Which the dull man's ne're doth until he dies,
And then 'tis with a dram with which his wife
Indeavours to recall his wandring life,
Viner forbids me longer here to ſtay
His nobler ſtructures calls my Muſe away
Some fear to flatter, but I fear to praiſe
When private hands ſuch monuments can raiſe,
Can, nay that will, for if we any find
That have the power they want the generous mind,
I thought that ſome vaſt contributions might
Raiſe up this Church and make it look ſo bright,
But when great *Viners* hand was only there,
I thought that heaven had made him overſee'r
Of all its ſacred works, and did beſtow?
Thoſe many Talents for its uſe below
Surely his ſoul ſhall with his mony riſe
And from his heaps of gold aſcend the skyes,
Viner the only way hath underſtood
How wealth may make men eminently good,
When as I ſaw the grapes hang o're the door,
And view'd the Conduit which he rais'd before,

He imitates, ſaid *I*, the Power divine,
And hath converted water into wine,
The Fathers heavenly grapes I dare alledge,
Shall never ſet his childrens teeth on Edg,
Theſe ſhall with after Ages raiſe his fame,
And ſtand a laſting credit to his name.
Some Chappels for their families provide,
Not out of Zeal, but out of pomp and pride,
Preaching is there a ſecret, and No more
They'l ſpare that, then their victuals to the poor,
They think that raggs diſgrace and taint their door,
But Viners favours, are, as they ſhould be,
Sincerely good, diffuſive, large, and free;
Some for the poor do Hoſpitals prepare,
He of the ſoul, the nobler part takes care,
His generous Spirit flies ſtill at the beſt,
His glorious object's far above the reſt,
They that to paines and poverty are driven,
Begin to think on happineſs and heaven,
And leaſt behind their lingring ſoul's ſhou'd ſtay,
His noble hand hath ſhown a certainway,
Some care not by what *Arts* or Plots, they thrive,
Though the diſgrace ſhall after death ſurvive,
The grave, ſay they, ne're hear's the angry breath,
Ther's nought but peace and quietneſs in death;
But he not any thing but good e're knew,
His leaves are water'd all with heavenly dew,
Surely this water ſooner makes them ſpring,
Then that which any artful hand can bring,
How at the head of *Lumbard* ſtreet he ſtands,

And

And like a general all the place commands,
That place that doth outvie the Indian mine;
They bring the droſs, but we the droſs refine,
When honeſty and riches both appear,
Who wou'd not ſay the golden age was here.

But now my fancy muſt away be hurld
To view the eighth great wonder of the world
This is the Centre of commerce for here
Nations from the circumference appear;
Here we ſee, point and meet the worlds extream's,
Juſt like the lines we ſee in printed ſchemes,
Pardon the word, the exchange is truly made
The golden univerſity of trade;
The Iriſh, when they ſee that we provide,
A walk great as O *Neal's* or *Barry's* pride,
Great as that Nation, where each man doth bring
His Pedigree from ſome old Iriſh King,
Who have a holy land and nation been
Before old *Adam* had the new world ſeen,
The Pope, ſay they, that doth of us take care
Hath rais'd this noble ſtructure by his prayer,
Or elſe St. *Patrick* by the ſelf ſame way,
By which he did the poiſnous creatures flay
Hath made the ſtones, his great commands obey,
Thus they nor I can't rightly underſtand,
How this could riſe by a *Mechanick* hand,
The *Spaniard* and the *French*, when here they come,
Are entertain'd more nobly then at home,
The great *ESCURIAL*, or the famous *LOVRE*

Can't show such walks, such buildings such a tower,
whose head like *Atlas* seem's to prop the skye
And is as glorious, and as rich as high;
It seem'd unnatural that all the year,
The Grashopper should on the topp appear,
Until my sence and reason made it good,
That 'twas still hot and Summer where it stood;
The stones are so well polisht and so fair,
You'd think that they all perfect mirrours were,
That did reflect their own and th'others light,
And with a thousand lustres court our sight,

But wher's the Imagry that should come next,
That Chronicle writ in Ægyptian text,
Great *Bakers* Book in short where we might see,
Our Kingdom's Royalest Antiquity:
Sure 'twas a wicked and presumptuous fire,
That cou'd against our sacred Kings conspire,
Whose Royal power tam'd where e're it went,
And conquerd the most stubborn Element,
But stay my Muse observe what riches dwell,
And lye enclos'd within this glorious shell,
Observe how from each Lady's charming eye,
Cupid) Doth let ten thousand arrow's fly,
I gaze and look although they wound my heart,
Tis an alluring and attractive smart,
I pluck't the quill to write from off the dart,
When from the first great conqueror I fly
Straight I am wounded by some other eye.
So when by change I think my self so please,

The

The Remedy is worſe, then the diſeaſe,
But why do I only of eyes complain,
Each words an arrow and each hay'r a chain;
It ſeem's impoſſible to me, that men.
Should enter their, and e're come out again;
When thoſe ſweet Syrens tongues ask what you lack,
How can you chuſe but and here turn back,
Had I good ſtore of gold heare wou'd I ſtay,
Buying and Gently arguing all the day.
One ſingle look won'd all my charge repay,
I'de buy out all her ſhop, and when that's paſt,
I'de buy her ſweet and beautious ſelf at laſt,
I Know their ſhops are gaudy, rich, and fair
But 'two'd be idely done if I ſhould dare,
To name them when thoſe beautious ſoules are there
Lumbard ſtreet gold and Jewels I deſpiſe,
Compar'd with thoſe more glorious Gemms their eyes,
Thoſe the trne lively ſparks of heaven do prove
And repreſent thoſe glorious lights above
Man doth to us a little world ſeem;
Beauty a little heaven I eſteem;
To this and Muſick doth my fancy fly
When that I'de raiſe my contemplations high,
They explain beſt what is above the skye,

By them as ſome ſuperior being, we
Are driven to Reptures and an extaſie,
And by a ſerious contemplation may
Forget, we're circl'd with a piece of clay;
This the Religious lovers us'd to do

And told us by experience that 'tis true.

I could speak more but I am call'd away,
This is a dangerous Theme whereon to stay,
Now doth my lingring Muse begin to tire
Her spirits are exhal'd with too much fire,
But I will on, for no man ere shall say,
In storm's far off from shore I softly lay,
And now just at the shore am cast away,
How hard's my fate if that like Moses I
Do see my journey's end and then I die,
Thus long my careful verse hath trac'd the fire,
And shall I now gloriously retire,
Now I have found its head, this Flesurvey,
And then I'le end the business of the day;
Look on that Pyramid; that there shall stand
A long memorial to our mournful land,
When that with gold we've guilded o're our woe,
We soon forget what heaven's strong hand can Doe;
We Scarce believe how that one word or breath,
Can cloud our glories, and our pride with Death,
Under his Lawrels who can safely lie,
When thunder or the angry flames shall fly;
No darksom holes or Iron coverts may
Hide from the all seeing eye our golden clay,
When lightning comes this needs must melt away,
Since Heaven hath made us richer then before,
Let's not forget but that we once were poor;
I thought the ashes like to graines were sown,
And from the seed this monument had grown,

He

He that the fire and *London* ruines Knew
And now just after well rebuilt shall view,
You'd say that stones, And heavy marbles grew;
Some curious Reader now might well require
That I should tell how high this will aspire,
With all the *Hyroglyphick's* of the fire,
But troth my muse hath got a heavy pack
One pound weight more wou'd break her tender back,
I knew at first the subject was too great,
Which made me not of some rich structures treat,
I could have spoke of *Suttons* stately house,
What great respect his Charity allow's
Unto the Reverend grey, that it might come
With joy and not with sorrow to the Tomb,
This building teaches those that are to dye,
That they to happiness and heaven draw nigh,
Those that just at the gates of heaven stay,
And carry on their head the milky way.

Look there the fair and hopeful Youth appear,
What happy Omens crown their growing years,
They'r taught how from this place and glorious seat
To think on nothing, but what's good and great,
I coud some curious observations draw
From the wise Doctors, of the worlds great law,
I cou'd have mention'd too that learned train
That do perpetual war with fate maintain,
Death fe ares that they the conquerours would be,
But that their generous love and Piety
Wou'd not the Soul that noble lodger wrong,

And

And keep her in this Earthen goale to o'cing
I cou'd have nam'd that nurſery of war
In which our ſprightly Youth inſtructed are,
That company, where you each man may call
A Captain, Leader, or a General:

I coud have ſaid that I the Tower had ſeen
The Crown, the ſcepter, and the magazine,
The Gunnes, and Lyons wou'd my fancy ſtore,
Thoſe two great Engines which we hear to roar:
I cou'd have nam'd the fleet, told who was made
The Miſtreſs and the Patroneſs of trade:
I could have told how the kind *Thames* doth flow,
What boundleſs Kindneſſes ſhe doth beſtow
On all the Towne, But I muſt leave the Shoar

Now for the wherry, and the merry oare:
The time and tide I muſt not obey
And thus from *Helicon* I launch away

FINIS